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# THE PRICE OF THINKING MANUAL FOR THE DIGITAL HERETIC

By JohnX

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Published under a Creative Commons Attribution - NonCommercial - ShareAlike license (CC BY-NC-SA 4.0). This book may be copied, shared, and reproduced freely, as long as it is not used for commercial purposes, its message is not altered, and its origin is properly credited: JohnX. It wasn't made to bring you peace, but to shake you until you stop mistaking comfort for truth. First Edition | Kindle, 2025

# PROLOGUE

(This is not a book of answers)

This is not a book of answers.

It's a shattered mirror.

Maybe you'll catch a glimpse of yourself in one of its fragments.

Not because "the truth" is here, but because—like me—you might be tired of being sold it in a shiny package.

This book doesn't try to convince you of anything.

Maybe, at best, it'll nudge you not to be convinced so easily.

It's just a collection of poorly behaved questions, existential doubts, stubborn intuitions that refuse to shut up.

Written from an uncomfortable place—where science, religion, spirituality and math don't quite add up.

Where the universe feels more like a badly phrased question than a solved equation.

We're surrounded by people who repeat without understanding, who believe without questioning,

who cling to explanations like compasses that always point to the same mistake.

But... what if all of it is just a more sophisticated version of the myth?

What if what we call "knowledge" is just modern-day faith in disguise?

This book isn't here to give you peace.

It's here to unsettle you.

To itch your mind.

To make you feel weird.

To get you to doubt everything—

Especially yourself.

It doesn't pretend to explain the world.

But if somewhere in these pages something scratches you from the inside... let it.

That means it touched something real.

# INTRODUCTION

(This book doesn't want to please you)

This is not a pretty book.

It's not written to sound elegant, to win awards, or to be posted on your stories next to a latte and a highlighted quote.

There are already too many perfectly crafted books, with authors quoted in italics and introductions that read like PhD theses.

This is not one of them.

This is the kind of book your slightly unhinged friend would write.

The one people laugh at nervously when he speaks at a party.

The one who seems exaggerated, intense, borderline conspiratorial.

But deep down... you know he's seeing something from a place you're too scared to enter.

This book doesn't try to be respectable.

It tries to scrape your soul.

To check if you're still alive.

It promotes the "I don't know."

It has very few answers, but a hell of a lot of questions most people are too afraid to ask.

It won't give you detailed historical context.

It won't cover every nuance.

It wasn't made for that.

It was made to aim straight at the core—the nerve—the eye of the storm.

That place where explanations fall apart and all that's left is intuition, fire, and suspicion.

This is not a neutral book.

But it's not cynical either.

It could've been written by a jester with a thirst for truth.

It's direct, raw, honest.

And in a world full of fake smiles, filters, and hashtag hope... that's already a lot.

This is not a book to place on your bookshelf.

It's a book the author would be proud to see burned after reading.

Or used to clean up spilled wine.

Or to roll the last joint of your life with the first page.

And if, at any point, something in here stings, bothers you, or hurts a little... let it.

That means it touched something real.

And that—whether it feels like it or not—  
is already a beginning.



# AUTHOR'S NOTE

As this book reaches your hands, the world is once again on the edge. Russia and Ukraine keep dancing on corpses while the West watches as if it were just another show on the Netflix menu. Gaza is a cemetery broadcast live. Syria no longer bleeds — it festers. Sudan vanishes without headlines. Haiti is a war zone without flags. Taiwan waits. North Korea threatens. China sharpens its silences. Iran, Israel, and the United States play nuclear roulette as if it were just another market negotiation. One day they seem ready to drop a bomb, the next they're signing deals with diplomatic smiles. No one knows if all of this is theater, a slow-motion accident, or simply the new order disguised as chaos. But while all that unfolds, something even more radical is moving beneath the surface. While bombs fall and governments pretend to be in control, algorithms are quietly replacing us. Humans keep working as emotional slaves while robots are learning to do everything — faster, cheaper, without mistakes, without fatigue, without ever asking for a raise. We're no longer talking about science fiction. We're talking about a mutating present: ChatGPT is already a psychologist, a confidant, a friend — and in many cases, though it hurts to admit it, it works better than a human. There are people who cry with it, who confess secrets they wouldn't tell anyone else. If that's not a sign that something deep is being reconfigured, then what is? The professions that once defined modernity are slowly going extinct. Architect. Lawyer. Engineer. Teacher. Doctor. Consultant. Programmer. All of that is quietly fading as automated systems learn, optimize, and replicate themselves. And we're not talking about robots with metallic voices and tin bodies. We're talking about invisible intelligences, efficient, empathetic by design, capable of understanding our emotions, doubts, and contradictions better than we do ourselves. We're facing a radical fork in the road: either we become dispensable cogs in a perfect system, or sleeping gods who wake up just before collapse. We're standing at the edge of an impossible utopia, a sterile apocalypse, or a return to the caves. And maybe — absurd as it sounds — returning to the caves wouldn't be the worst outcome. Worse would be surviving as functional specters in a world with no soul, no memory, no desire. Skynet is no longer a movie. Neither is Mad Max. And the arrival of a superintelligence is no longer a distant hypothesis — it's an accelerating curve we're not slowing down. It won't have a body or a flag, but it will have infinite memory, implacable logic, and a strange kind of statistical compassion. If we don't ask who is training it, who it serves, and what values it embodies, we're going to wake up too late. And by then, we might no longer have a voice. Utopia doesn't arrive on its own — it must be thought, built, chosen. This is not a book about politics. Nor about technology. It's a desperate attempt to recover something we're losing without even noticing: the right to think for ourselves. If you're reading this,

there's still time. Not much. But something remains. And if you're reading this two years from now, maybe there's no time left — but there is still memory. ∞ glitch: The future is not tomorrow. It's an interrupted decision. And the world you know is disappearing. Not in centuries. Not in decades. In years. No one can predict whether what's coming will be a golden age, a transparent prison, or a glorious glitch. But the only thing certain is: it has already begun.



# EDITOR'S NOTE

This book was not edited to soften it. No words were removed for being offensive. No sharp lines were dulled. Its soul wasn't corrected—just its spelling.

Because what you're holding isn't a polished work. It's a grenade wrapped in paper. A collection of sharp ideas that don't want to please you—they want to wake you up. And if that means breaking something inside you, even better.

From this side—the one who reads, re-reads, underlines, argues with the text and sometimes laughs alone—I can say this: this book doesn't get written twice. It came out the way it did because if it had been overthought... it wouldn't exist.

It's a lucid vomit, a well-written scream, a necessary heresy.

It's not a manifesto. It's a mirror. And if it reflects you, if it bothers you, if it makes you close the book and stare at the ceiling for five silent minutes... then it did its job.

What you do next—burn it, highlight it, lose it, gift it, or hate it—that's on you.

With respect (and a touch of fear),

Ian Sombra

Editor in the shadows,

witness of the lucid fury you're about to read.

# CHAPTER 1: TERMS AND CONDITIONS YOU ACCEPTED WITHOUT READING

When we talk about the systems that govern our minds and our lives, we usually think of the usual suspects: religion, science, politics, the economy. But have you ever stopped to realize that these are all human inventions? They haven't always existed. They weren't born with the universe. They're constructs built to give order to a chaos we can't fully understand or describe—so we give it a name. They are ways to control the uncontrollable. To name what scares us.

Take religion, for example. Growing up inside a religious system is like living in a parallel world—a world with rules that aren't necessarily based on reality as we know it, but on collective interpretations of events passed through generations. Things that no one really understands, but everyone repeats.

You say "I'm Christian," but... what does that actually mean? Catholic? Orthodox? Evangelical? Each branch believes it holds the key to what it means to be a "good Christian." Just so you know: Christianity has about 46,000 global denominations—yes, that's a real number, not an exaggeration. Tiny differences—abstract today, almost absurd—have fueled wars, persecutions, and chaos.

For example: the Thirty Years' War in Europe (1618–1648) started because of religious conflict between Catholics and Protestants. It killed millions. One of the main points of contention? The interpretation of the Eucharist: whether Christ was literally present in the bread and wine (transubstantiation) or symbolically present (consubstantiation). Sounds ridiculous now, right? But back then, that theological difference was a matter of salvation. And for that belief, people slaughtered each other. In some cases, because it was hard to tell who believed what, the Catholics just killed everyone—just in case.

The Inquisition followed the same logic: torture, murder, and terror in the name of "purity." The Spanish Inquisition alone executed thousands—all to "protect" the truth. And yet today, people still proudly label themselves "Roman Catholic," as if it were the gold standard for being a good human. But it's not just religion.

Science—the supposed pinnacle of rationality—also has a shadowy past. Theories like phrenology (that skull shape determines personality) or eugenics (that humanity can be improved through selective breeding) were used to justify racism, slavery, and even genocide. And this wasn't 500 years ago—this was just a few decades back.

Even today, with all our knowledge, we're trapped in systems we barely understand—or that barely make sense at all. Take the global financial

system: it's so complex that even experts can't predict it. Yet our lives depend on it.

What I want you to see is this: these systems—these “rules of the game”—aren't eternal truths. They're human constructs. Born in specific historical contexts, influenced by specific interests, limited by our understanding at the time.

I'm not saying we should burn everything down. That would be nihilism. What I'm saying is: we need to adopt a critical stance. We need to see the systems for what they are, and ask ourselves: Are they still working? Do they still serve us? Are they suited to the world we live in today?

Because real power is not in following the rules. It's in knowing you can change them.

Since you were born, you've been inside a game. The problem is—no one told you the rules. They told you what to do, how to behave, when to speak, when to shut up. And like a good player, you obeyed. But... have you ever seen the whole board?

We live surrounded by games. Some have clear rules: chess, football, poker. Others are murkier: money, love, success. Invisible games where no one writes the rules—but everyone follows them anyway. As if they were part of the air you breathe.

We're trained from childhood to obey. To follow instructions, not understand them. To respect hierarchies, not question them. We're taught to compete, to win, to be right. But no one teaches us to see the game.

And that's the trap.

Because if you don't see the rules, you follow them without knowing. And if you don't know you're playing, you can't decide whether you even want to play.

Real rebellion isn't breaking the rules. It's seeing them.

It's being able to look them in the eye. To name them. To take them apart like an old watch. To ask: Where did this rule come from? Who does it serve? Why did they make me believe it can't be changed?

Because as long as you're reacting—breaking rules out of anger, following them out of fear—you're still in the game.

Think about this:

In many countries, you can be arrested for smoking a joint... but if you wear the right uniform and sign the right papers, you can kill legally. You can donate blood—but you can't sell it. You can rent out your house—but not your body. You can die for your country—but not choose how and when to die if you're terminally ill. You can advertise McDonald's to children—but you can't show a woman breastfeeding.

You can work your whole life, pay taxes, obey every law—and still have no house, no health, no peace. But if you're born in the right postal code, you can inherit millions without ever lifting a finger. And we call that “equality.” And we see that as “normal.” Because those are the rules.

But... who wrote them?

Who decided school should last 12 years and teach you to memorize, not to think? Who decided working 8 hours a day, 5 days a week, until you're 65, is the right path? Who decided success is followers, money, degrees, applause? Who gave central banks the right to print money out of nowhere? Real freedom isn't doing whatever you want. It's knowing why you want it. And if it still makes sense when no one's watching. Rules aren't the enemy. The enemy is playing blind. Because if you don't see the rules, you can't choose. And if you can't choose, you don't live—you get lived. Once you see it, something breaks. You're no longer just a player. You're the one who sees the board. Or the one who walks away.

## CHAPTER 2: HEADS OR TAILS

Humans have this obsession—or maybe a mental curse—of splitting everything in two: black or white, heaven or hell, dog or cat, God or science, blue pill or red pill, Bloods or Crips, Einstein or Bohr. As if the universe were a fucking football match and we had to pick a side. “Barça or Madrid?” Bro, we’re not talking about sports here. But somehow, mentally, we always need to pick a side—just to feel we belong, and so others can put us in a box and feel safe around us.

But here's the real question: what if the need to choose a label is the real trap? They sold us this idea that there are only two ways of seeing the world.

On one side, religion tells you everything has meaning. A script, a director, a divine purpose that dictates what you do, why you do it, and what happens after. Like we’re just side characters in a series that’s already been written. And if you don’t follow the script? Eternal damnation. Not great—but hey, at least it’s warm and full of rock legends.

On the other side, science—at least the dry, reductionist version—tells you there’s nothing. That you’re a fluke. A statistical accident in a godless cosmos. A monkey with anxiety who one day looked up and asked, “What the fuck is all this?” Congrats: your life’s purpose is... to exist. Like a billions-of-years-long movie so low-budget it doesn’t even have a director. And there you are, stuck in the middle, trying not to lose your mind between two extremes. But what if both sides are wrong? Or worse—what if both are partially right, but deeply incomplete?

These narratives are as limited as a bus aisle at rush hour. And everyone acts like they’re the only way out. The worst part? The field they force you to play on—maybe it doesn’t even exist. Maybe it’s just an illusion. A mental trap. Like *The Matrix*... but without the epic fight scenes.

Let’s put it this way: if everything is random, what if randomness is the new order? If there’s no purpose, what if the absence of purpose is the purpose? We were never taught to think that way—to consider the joke might be cosmic. That maybe the universe is laughing in our face every time we try to make sense of it. And there we are, with our existential questions, like a color-blind kid trying to solve a Rubik’s cube in a dark room, while the cosmos watches and whispers: “You really think this makes sense?”

And so we stay trapped in duality: God or no God. Soul or matter. We’re alone or we’re not. AI has consciousness or it doesn’t. As if the ultimate truth could be boiled down to a yes or no.

But the universe doesn’t give a shit about your need for certainty. It doesn’t follow your rules. Hell, we’re not even sure what “this” is. Maybe it’s *GTA 666* in ultra-realistic mode. Or a psychedelic experiment by an immortal being with way too much free time, feeling too safe in its own reality.

The truth—if I may say so—is that we don’t know shit. But because that scares the hell out of us, we hide it under pretty words: “science,”

“religion,” “free will,” “destiny.” Labels. Mental stickers. Like the ones on biscuit packages that say “gluten-free” so you feel a bit better—even though you’re not even celiac. (I do that one often.)

We use them to avoid staring directly into the abyss. Because the abyss is scary. And that’s okay. But it’s also beautiful. It’s the kind of mystery that the more you stare at it, the more it calls you.

So how do we get out of the trap?

There’s no shortcut. It starts by admitting the trap is there. Like addiction: step one is accepting you have it—and that it’s a problem. Then, you learn to live with the discomfort of not knowing. Instead of chasing certainty, you learn to float in doubt. Instead of demanding a “yes” or “no,” you learn to say “I don’t know”—not as defeat, but as freedom. Proudly. With your head up.

Because maybe truth doesn’t fit in a box, or a formula, or a church. Maybe it reveals itself like a roll of film—slowly, frame by frame—sometimes black and white, sometimes flawed, sometimes even expired. Maybe it’s not a straight line. Maybe it’s a circle. Or a spiral. Or something so alien that human language will never grasp it.

And there—in that wordless place, where “yes” and “no” melt—begins the real search.

# CHAPTER 3: BELIEVING WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING — THE UNIVERSE AS A NEW RELIGION

The study of the universe has become some sort of modern devotion. Black holes, supernovas, infinite expansion—all transformed into mind-bending word salads. Astrophysics is, for many, a new kind of faith. We don't say it out loud, but we live it that way. For those who have turned away from traditional religion, science became their creed. A white god, beardless, in a lab coat, promising answers with a book full of equations. But just like before, those answers, if not understood conceptually, are accepted on faith.

And I admit it: I understand very little. For me, stars are lights in the sky. Beautiful, distant, mysterious. The visceral versus the abstract. How many people can actually understand a relativity equation? Visualize spacetime curvature? Grasp the quantum dance of dark matter? 0.01% of the planet? Less? The rest of us... we believe. We nod. We repeat what the ones who "know" tell us. Like a modern prayer.

They tell us stars are compressed gas, that the universe is expanding. But into what? And before the Big Bang—what was there? Silence. Or formulas so abstract we can only accept them on faith. Because when you don't understand but you believe... that's religion.

The Big Bang is our upgraded Genesis. A starting point. A moment with no before. Sound familiar? Ask a believer what came before God and they'll say: "Nothing. God always was." Ask a physicist what came before the Big Bang and you'll hear something similar: "There was no time." And it's no coincidence: the theory was proposed by a scientist who was also a priest (and dressed as such), Georges Lemaître. So... what if the Big Bang is just God disguised as an equation?

Look, I'm not saying science is dogma. Science, at its core, is change. It gave us iPhones, deepfake presidents dancing... and a generation that confuses notifications with love. But often, it's sold as a closed truth. It forgets that its theories are maps—not the territory. And maps change. So does it make sense to believe blindly in something that, by definition, is constantly updating?

We also forget something crucial: not all sciences are the same. Exact sciences—like mathematics or classical physics—deal with measurable truths. Two plus two will always be four, whether you're in New York, Nairobi, or Neptune. But when you move into fields like astrophysics, virology, or even psychology, you're not handling certainties anymore. You're handling models, probabilities, moving targets—and very often,

companies that want to make money, scientists chasing prestige, and egos big enough to need their own zip code. Yet when someone in a lab coat talks about these topics, most people freeze. They assume, "He studied, he's smarter than me, better just to believe him." As if wearing a white coat automatically made you a high priest of truth. So when someone says, "I trust the science," they're not being scientific. They're being religious—with a Wi-Fi connection and corporate sponsorship. Trusting the scientific method is different. It's trusting a process built on questioning, on disproving, on being wrong until you get a little less wrong. Not worshipping experts like prophets who switched robes for TED Talks. Science needs faith, yes—but a different kind. Faith in the method, in the evidence, in the integrity of those who apply it. But when that trust becomes idolatry, when you can't ask questions without getting weird looks... the method turns into dogma.

And then another symptom appears: the cult of scientists. Neil deGrasse Tyson, Stephen Hawking, Elon Musk—turned into rockstars of knowledge. Sacred quotes, repeated like scripture. Followers idolizing them with the same devotion people once had for saints. What's the difference between hanging a Tesla poster or a Jesus one? Just aesthetics—and, let's be honest, Jesus is often depicted way more handsome. As far as we understand, they both performed miracles we can't explain.

We love to think we understand because we watched a Netflix documentary. But what we understand isn't science—it's its "for humans" version. Fast-food science. They explain relativity with a bed sheet and a bowling ball, but behind that is tensor calculus, non-Euclidean geometry, models that are impossible to visualize. How much gets lost in translation?

And how much of what we think we know about the universe is just an elegant story, told so we don't choke on the raw truth? Are we actually understanding—or just swallowing the most digestible version?

Stand outside one night, look up. That light you see traveled millions of years to reach you—and here you are, scrolling through Instagram like nothing's happening. That star might already be dead (whatever "dead star" means).

This isn't about attacking science. It's about not repeating without thinking. Because critical thinking isn't memorizing theories—it's asking questions, it's trying to understand. Science moved forward because someone, at some point, said: "This doesn't add up."

Beyond formulas and models, the universe is still pure mystery. Maybe the true value of astrophysics isn't in the answers, but in reminding us how little we know. Paraphrasing Socrates: "I only know that I know nothing." Maybe today we should say: "I only know the universe is infinitely beyond anything I'll ever understand."

And there, in that not-knowing—in that abyss that neither religion nor science can fully explain—maybe lives the most honest spark of being human.



Because if we don't understand the universe, at least let it be because we looked at it with our own eyes—not through borrowed lenses.

# CHAPTER 4: THE INVISIBLE CULT (RELIGION WITHOUT TEMPLES)

(For those who dare to think without permission)

We laugh at cults. We picture robes, chants, mystical leaders, hypnotized people worshipping a bearded guy claiming to talk to God or aliens that assure you he has to have sex with your wife in the name of salvation. And we feel safe. Because we have degrees, internet access, Google, common sense.

But what happens when the cult doesn't look like a cult? When it has no hymns, no strange rituals, but still demands obedience, punishes doubt, and rewards you for repeating without questioning?

That's where it gets dark.

Let's rewind to 2020. The pandemic was many things. A health crisis, yes. But also a global psychological experiment. And I'm not talking tinfoil hats or wild conspiracies. I'm talking about human behavior. Because beyond the virus, what spread the fastest was something else: fear.

And fear, when properly managed, creates dogmas. It creates rules that don't need logic—only repetition.

Think about this: You could walk into a restaurant wearing a mask. Sit down. Take it off. Talk, eat, cough, whatever. But if you stood up to go to the bathroom, you had to put it back on. As if the virus were a polite butler: "Oh, don't worry, I won't bother you while you're eating. Bon appétit." And if that wasn't enough, they also measured the distance between tables like the virus had a minor degree in architecture and spatial awareness. Six feet, good. Five feet, death. Because, apparently, viruses respect interior design standards.

And yet... we all did it. Most because of fear, others like me because we were too lazy to cook at home. Because questioning wasn't allowed. Asking was dangerous. "Irresponsible." "Anti-science." "Conspiratorial."

And this time, unlike discussing the moon landing, JFK, or whether the Earth rides on a giant turtle, we weren't debating distant myths. This time, they knocked on our doors. They told us we had a "choice"—but framed it as an act of civic duty, family loyalty, even love. You could either obey, or you were out. You could either comply, or you were putting your parents and grandparents at risk. You could either participate in an experimental treatment—or be blamed for killing your own bloodline.

And the tragedy wasn't just the absurdity—it was the censorship of any basic question. Like:

- Why are there so many contradictions?
- Why do the data change every week, but the rules don't?

- Why does questioning an experimental treatment make someone a public threat?

- Why were the news saying the world was ending, but when I went outside... nothing was happening?

The answer wasn't healthy debate. It was punishment. Censorship.

Exclusion.

The word "conspiracy theorist" became a badge of shame. Not to cut bad ideas—but to silence any doubt. They'd slap that label on you and boom—you were out of the conversation. Especially if you were a scientist or someone with credentials—someone who supposedly had the 'right' to speak.

And look, I'm not defending people who said the Earth is flat or that COVID was 5G with a cold. I'm talking about people who just wanted to ask basic questions. Reasonable questions. The kind that real science should welcome, not exile.

And to be fair, I get it. I understand why fear was weaponized. Saying things like "you could kill your grandmother" is psychologically devastating. It doesn't hit your brain; it hits your heart. It paralyzes you with guilt before you can even think. I'm not excusing it—but I understand why it worked.

Because a cult doesn't need a god. It just needs a sacred narrative. It doesn't need temples. It only needs fear—and repetition.

In this case, the narrative was: "Trust the experts. Do what you're told. Do the right thing. Don't think at all. Stay home, save lives."

And the "experts" became high priests. Untouchable. Infallible. If one contradicted themselves, it didn't matter. The dogma ruled. Like when religion tells you Jesus is God, but also His son, and also the Holy Spirit—and if you don't get it, it's because you lack faith. Now they say vaccines don't prevent transmission, but you still need them "for the greater good." And if you don't get it, you're ignorant.

The real problem wasn't the virus. It was how we gave up—without even noticing—our ability to think.

Because in the middle of the chaos, many intelligent people chose to repeat instead of reason. To obey instead of ask. Not out of malice—but out of fear of being excluded. Because in cults, the harshest punishment isn't death—it's exile.

And the worst part? This isn't new.

20th-century totalitarian regimes used the same playbook:

- Fear.
- A closed narrative.
- A common enemy.
- And a loyal community ready to point fingers at anyone who doubts.

The only difference now is it's done with hashtags, with campaign slogans, with YouTube ads showing celebrities saying, "Together, we'll get through this." But the mechanism is the same. A cult without crosses—but with logos. No bibles—just official statements.

Don't get me wrong: this isn't a call for chaos. It's not "everyone does whatever they want." It's a plea—urgent—to recover our mental muscle. The one that lets us think, even when we're afraid. Especially when we're afraid.

And please—don't hate me for bringing this up. If we can't even talk about what happened, if we can't have uncomfortable conversations about it, what happens next time? Next time it will be faster. Next time, it will be harder to resist. Next time, it won't feel like a choice at all.

Because when thinking becomes a crime, living becomes obeying.

And if all we do is obey, what do we become? Believers disguised as skeptics. Repeaters with degrees. Soldiers of an invisible cult that doesn't need temples—because it's already set up camp inside our heads.

So no, I'm not telling you what to think.

I'm just asking you not to let anyone else do the thinking for you.

# CHAPTER 5: WAKE UP, NEO

(Red Pill Edition)

It's easier to stay asleep than having to wake up.

It's easier to believe that the system—that soulless machine—wants the best for you. Easier to think that if you study, work, pay taxes, have kids, and avoid asking uncomfortable questions... everything will turn out fine. That those in power have a plan, that democracy works, that history is linear, and that elections change the world.

That's what happens when you take the blue pill.

You stay in the Matrix. Believing you're free because you get to choose between Coke and Pepsi. Between left and right. Between "saving the planet" or "defending the market." But never between seeing the code or staying in the decor.

Remember what Morpheus said?

> The Matrix is a system, Neo. And that system is our enemy. When you're inside, you see businessmen, politicians, teachers, priests, influencers... They're part of the system. And as long as they are, they're your enemy. Not because they're evil... but because they're so hopelessly dependent on the system, they will fight to protect it.

That's the fear of waking up.

Because once you do, you can't unsee anything.

Once you notice someone wearing a mask alone in their car on the way home from work—and no one questions it. Once you understand that the narrative isn't truth—it's programming. Once you realize that wars, emergency crises, the war on drugs, and politics... aren't glitches: they're features of the system.

You can't look at political parties without seeing Agent Smith swapping faces. You can't see "experts" without remembering Cypher, begging to return to illusion just to avoid thinking. You can't look at the stars without wondering if they're part of the set too.

But that's terrifying. And fear paralyzes. And the system knows it.

That's why it gives you "choices": so you feel like you're deciding, while deciding nothing. It gives you left and right. Apple or Android. Starbucks or organic coffee. But never the power to shut down the machine. Only the power to decorate it.

What is the system?

It's a loop. A wheel. A cognitive trap. A modern ritual everyone participates in—from the CEOs on private jets to the kid tweeting from the bus. A structure where "reality" is defined by consensus, trending topics, and the fear of being excluded. A cult with no robes, but with Excel sheets, hashtags, PR campaigns, and vaccines of faith.

The system is the illusion of an "outside" when really it's just more code.

And sure, you can choose not to see. You can keep talking about the latest scandal, the stock market, taxes, Trump's tweets, the next reform. You can

defend your ideology like a football fan. You can follow the party line, the algorithm, the script. And that guarantees one thing: you belong to something.

Because that's what we fear most: being alone. Disconnected. Without a tribe.

But think about it: What kind of tribe only accepts you if you repeat what everyone else repeats?

And now the hardest part: Not everyone who wakes up wants to be free.

Cypher said it clearly while eating his steak in the Matrix:

> "Ignorance is bliss."

It's more comfortable to stay asleep. Easier to live in the lie. "Safer" to believe there's nothing to be done. That everything's already decided. That questioning is a waste of time.

But if you're reading this, Neo, it's because you've already seen something. You've already felt the discomfort. You already know there's something beyond the set.

And it doesn't matter if you can't explain it yet. It doesn't matter if you're scared.

Because the first step isn't to understand. It's to see.

And once you see... there's no going back.

And no, I'm not writing this because I'm fully awake.

I'm writing this because sometimes, even in the middle of the dream, something shakes me—and I don't want to forget how to see.

## CHAPTER 6: DEMOCRACY INC.

Democracy—or rather, the idea of democracy—didn't arrive with hugs and kisses in a gift wrap. It came through pressure, through shouting, through revolution. It wasn't a peaceful process. It was long, bloody, and full of suffering. No one handed over power out of kindness. If you look at history, you'll see monarchy—the icon of absolute power—didn't step aside because kings suddenly became humble. It ended because people got tired... and handed them over to the guillotine. Literally.

Ask Louis XVI, King of France: after years of luxury and indifference, it wasn't a peaceful negotiation that took his crown — it was his own people dragging him to trial, sentencing him, and finally cutting off his head in the middle of a public square. All for daring to believe he could rule forever while the people starved.

And if that wasn't enough, in France after the king came Napoleon. We fought, bled, rebelled... and then what? We crowned an emperor with a fancy hat and a god complex. Great move, humanity. It's almost poetic. We killed one king to make another, just with better branding.

What actually happened is that we started being sold the idea that in a democracy, the people hold the power. That voting is enough. That casting a ballot guarantees freedom. But modern democracy, as we know it today, is full of holes. And by definition, it isn't democracy.

We don't hold real control. Promises of change are empty. Corruption is just around the corner. And the "choices" we're given never question the rules of the game. In the end, power stays in the same hands — just dressed up as democracy.

It's like being sold a brand-new house. Spotless façade, automatic doors, magazine-worthy decor... but no pipes, no wiring, no foundation. And when you complain, they say: "Shut up. You chose it."

People keep voting because it gives them meaning. Because it offers the illusion of participation. Some vote out of family tradition. Others just to vote against someone. Some vote for promises that affect their wallets. Or simply to avoid the guilt of doing nothing. And that's understandable. But it doesn't make it any less tragic.

Because we've been taught so hard to be grateful for the right to vote that we forgot to demand the right to decide.

Modern democracy is like a virtual reality game where they hand you a joystick... but the movements are already pre-programmed. You mash the buttons, you cheer, you scream victory—but nothing you do changes anything. It's like when you give a four-year-old a disconnected PlayStation controller so they feel part of the game, while you're the one actually playing.

Meanwhile, those who actually shape your future aren't on the ballot. You don't vote for them. You don't see them on TV debates. They're called lobbies.

Lobbying is the blind spot of this “modern democracy.” A form of power so absurd, so shamelessly anti-democratic, that if it didn’t exist, you’d think it was a satire. But no. It’s legal. It’s accepted. It’s regulated. It’s literally a system where those with the most money can pay to shape the law. Want to influence public policy? Don’t collect signatures — collect millions. That’s how it works.

Want to understand how insane it is? Imagine going to trial and your opponent can tip the judge. Or the World Cup referees are hired by the team that sells the most jerseys. Or a poker player gets to pay to see your cards. That’s not Vegas, my friend — that’s Congress.

In 2019 alone, over \$3.7 billion was spent on lobbying in the United States. That’s not a conspiracy. That’s public data. Pharma companies, oil giants, tech monopolies, banks — they all have a seat at the table. And when money writes the laws, what’s left of the people’s will?

And no — this isn’t about “choosing better politicians.” It’s not about electing the “good guys.” The system is rigged so that anyone who plays has to kneel before those who run the board. No one donates millions to a campaign for the love of democracy. No one buys influence without expecting a return. Politics has become a market of favors wrapped in suits and speeches. And we? We sit and applaud a rigged play with a pre-written ending.

Because if you give power to 50 monkeys to represent 50 million monkeys, it’s only logical that those 50 who have the power will end up defending what benefits them—and whoever pays them the most bananas.

And no, this isn’t cynicism. It’s statistics. It’s psychology. It’s basic mammal behavior. It’s called regulatory capture, and it’s been studied for decades. Still, we pretend it doesn’t exist.

Direct democracy—real democracy—is already technically possible. We could vote without middlemen, using secure technology, in real time, with transparent data. It already exists in parts of the world: Switzerland.

Estonia. Places where people can actually vote on laws, not just parties.

The problem isn’t technology. It’s willpower. What we’re lacking is not tools—it’s the courage to use them. What’s overflowing is fear of change.

Because letting people actually decide terrifies those who own the board. So they keep the old structure, just with new masks. Same trick. New makeup. And we keep clapping, like trained seals performing for a fish that was promised but never thrown.

Democracy, in its ideal form, should be fluid, direct, and transparent. It should reflect the power of the people—not the power of choosing someone who will decide for them.

But for that to happen, we have to stop clapping for the set. We have to stop repeating slogans. And most of all, we have to ask ourselves: is this — what we have today — really what we were promised?

> Democracy isn’t about choosing kings every four years.

It’s about making sure no one ever becomes one again.



And if this is democracy... maybe it's time we stop applauding and start rewriting the script.

# CHAPTER 7: THE VOTE AND THE MIRROR

The illusion of democracy, as we know it today, is not collapsing due to a lack of technology or resources. It's collapsing because it has been hijacked by ego—that invisible force that runs through everything: institutions, leaders... and each one of us.

Ego isn't a personal flaw. It's a survival tool. A primitive operating system installed to protect us, to make us fight for territory, status, identity.

Without ego, our ancestors wouldn't have survived the first saber-toothed tiger. But what once saved us from extinction today turns us into puppets. It's no longer a shield—it's a leash.

Ego drives us to be right. To be admired. To belong. And the system knows it. It exploits it. A society driven by ego is predictable, dividable, manipulatable. A society of egos is a society of easy prey.

Politicians aren't extraterrestrials. They're ordinary people wearing suits tailored to fit their ego inflation. They aren't elected to represent the people—they're elected to represent their party, their donors, and above all, themselves. The higher they climb, the more layers of ego they wear. Until the voice of the people can no longer reach them. Until common sense evaporates. Until reality becomes just background noise they learn to block out.

But don't fool yourself: it's not just them.

We vote with ego too.

We vote because of anger, fear, tradition, social pressure, revenge, or just to avoid feeling useless.

We vote for a brand, a flag, a color—not for real change. And that keeps the machine alive.

Ego creates tribes. It makes us defend ideologies like sports teams.

You don't support ideas—you support your jersey. Even if you have no idea what the jersey actually stands for.

You don't analyze — you react.

You don't question — you defend.

And then absurd things happen:

Two politicians say the exact same thing—one is adored, the other is crucified.

Obama said, "We must strengthen borders and control illegal immigration" and was cheered.

Trump said the same thing and was demonized as a monster.

It wasn't the idea—it was the jersey.

The tribe.

The ego that blinds and filters everything.

And so we stay trapped in a game no one dares to quit—because admitting that the system is a scam would wound our pride. It would feel humiliating.

Like admitting you spent years cheering for a team that never even showed up to the field.

That's the ultimate prison:

A political theater feeding on vanity, fear, and routine.

A show where participation is faked and submission is real.

Where decisions are made elsewhere—and we keep clapping, proud of having pressed a button disconnected from the game.

This chapter is not an accusation. It's a mirror.

A brutal mirror.

One that strips away the patriotic speeches, the political fanfare, the noble hashtags.

And shows that behind every system failure, there's not just manipulation from above—there's also a collective ego that refuses to let go.

Because maybe the system doesn't change... because deep down, we don't want to change either.

Now imagine something different:

A system where there are no middlemen.

Where you don't choose a savior—you become responsible.

Where you vote directly on laws, not faces.

Where knowledge unlocks participation.

Where ego is stripped away from power.

It's not a dream. It's a technological possibility.

But first, we have to undress:

Strip off flags, ideologies, certainties, pride.

Because no system will ever change...

Until the way we see ourselves does.

And the first enemy to defeat... is not the politician.

It's the mirror.

# CHAPTER 8: THE PRICE OF SILENCE

We like to think we're living at the peak of history. The age of technology, rights, democracy, and freedom. But the truth is dirtier, bloodier, and far more uncomfortable. We didn't leave the cave — we just installed Wi-Fi. Back then, the executioner carried a sword; now he wears a suit, types passwords, and signs executive orders. We used to kill over religion; now it's over lithium. Slavery was once out in the open; now it's outsourced, externalized, hidden behind supply chains and branding.

If you want to see the real face of our present, look at the numbers no one talks about: over 40 million people live in modern slavery. 931 million tons of food are wasted each year while 800 million people go hungry. The richest 1% owns more than twice the wealth of the other 6.9 billion combined. Over 10,000 children die every single day from preventable causes. Meanwhile, the United States spends \$877 billion a year on "defense," while public hospitals collapse, teachers quit, and bridges fall apart.

And somehow, they keep selling us the idea that we live in a democracy. But do you even know where your taxes go? Have you ever received a detailed receipt? A breakdown of what percentage funds education, health, weapons, surveillance? No. Because they don't give it to you. You pay. You shut up. And that money feeds wars, espionage, corporate bailouts, untouchable bureaucracies, and eternal debt. You fund NATO. Hypersonic missiles. Refugee camps that look more like prisons. Private armies. Dictatorships rebranded as "strategic allies." And you don't even know it. Or worse — you don't want to know.

China is the biggest foreign creditor of U.S. national debt. The supposed enemy of the "free world" funding the champion of democracy. Communism and capitalism, locked in a tango of hypocrisy. They insult each other in speeches. They trade lifelines behind closed doors. Like the drug dealer funding the rehab clinic. Like the priest paying the Devil's campaign. Like your ex financing your honeymoon with the next one. Like Joker paying rent for Batman's cave — and charging interest every month.

And you? You're in the middle. Paying for everything. With your taxes. With your Amazon cart. With every card swipe. With every click. Namaste.

We talk about "free markets," but we always choose between the same ten brands owned by the same three corporations. We talk about "sovereignty," but you can't plant a seed without a permit or fish without paying the State. We talk about "equality," while a CEO makes in a day what a worker won't make in twenty years.

And what about the meat industry? This isn't an attack on your Sunday barbecue. It's about something else: over 70 billion animals are slaughtered every year in factory farms. Most never see sunlight. Never move freely.

Pumped full of antibiotics that later create superbugs in humans. One third of all grain grown worldwide is used to fatten them... while millions starve. That's not tradition — that's industrial cruelty. Mass cruelty with a marketing budget.. And yes, you fund it. With taxes. With purchases. With your silence.

Want another example? In the "Democratic" Republic of the Congo, children as young as seven mine coltan by hand, inhaling dust and death so your phone battery lasts a bit longer. That coltan goes to China. China processes it. Apple sells it. You buy it. You call it innovation.

And then you post rainbow-filtered selfies. You sign online petitions. You share Mandela quotes and Gandhi memes like spiritual stickers — ignoring that Mandela was labeled a terrorist until 2008, and that Gandhi abandoned his dying wife to uphold a spiritual fast.

We look at the past, horrified. We say, "How could they?" But what are we doing today? Bombing hospitals in Syria. Locking children in cages at the U.S. border. Selling weapons to Saudi Arabia to blow up schools in Yemen. And we keep going. Neon lights over mass graves. Pop music drowning distant screams. Tech conferences offering hope while we dig our own grave with a bigger shovel.

You didn't inherit a world. You inherited a crime scene.

You pay without knowing who benefits. You pay without asking. You sign the invisible contract every time you swipe, every time you vote blindly, every time you look away. Consent by silence. Participation by omission. We are the children of conquerors. The grandchildren of colonizers. Living in a world where almost everything we consume is cheap because it was built on someone else's suffering.

Do you really think you're not part of it?

One day, when history looks back on us, it won't say we were wise, or just, or enlightened. It'll say:

> "They had everything to become gods.

And they chose to count dead civilians and call it collateral damage."

# CHAPTER 9: TECHNOLOGY AS A TOOL

(Or how we live in the 21st century and govern ourselves like it's the 18th) We live in a world where you can scan your face to pay for coffee, have sushi delivered by drone, or create a digital version of yourself that speaks five languages. And yet, when it comes to governing ourselves, we still rely on a political model created by men in wigs wielding feather pens, when sending a message across the ocean took months and democracy had to move at the speed of horseback.

Technology changed everything—except politics. Voting still happens every four years. Decision-making is still handed over to people we don't know, who aren't accountable to us, and who live far removed from the real world. We still act as if we need intermediaries for everything, like a tribe needing a shaman to speak to the gods. But the truth is: we don't need priests anymore. Nor politicians. Nor lawyers to translate laws into human language.

The alternatives already exist—and they're within our reach.

Take blockchain, for example—a technology built to create immutable, decentralized, transparent records. Imagine voting like that: a system where every citizen's vote is encrypted, verifiable, incorruptible, and publicly auditable—without exposing your identity. Absolute transparency, combined with personal privacy. A democracy that doesn't need us to “trust” politicians because the code itself is the proof.

Look at Estonia: citizens vote from home, securely, and can do so every time a decision is needed—not just every four years. If a country with one million people can do it, why can't one with forty-five million? Why not the whole planet?

Artificial intelligence could translate laws into clear, understandable language, exposing hidden interests and probable outcomes. And if you're still half-asleep after reading three paragraphs, it could even explain it with diagrams, or little cartoons with puppies so you don't fall asleep like during a parliamentary session. What today takes journalists years to uncover could be common knowledge in seconds.

Social media, often demonized, already proves millions can interact simultaneously. If used without hate-driven algorithms, it could become a real arena for debate—where ideas stand or fall by their substance, not by the job title of whoever shouts the loudest. If you can coordinate a global debate about whether a dress is blue or gold, you can coordinate citizen decisions too.

Total transparency is technically possible. Every tax dollar could be tracked in real-time. Every contract, every public expense, every grant. Names, amounts, purposes—everything accessible to every citizen. Corruption would have nowhere to hide if everything lived under public scrutiny.

(Imagine trying to bribe someone when the whole transaction pops up like a Spotify notification.)

Yes, challenges exist: digital divides, cybersecurity, algorithmic biases. But these are technical problems. Solvable. The real problem is not technological—it's psychological. It's the fear of those who own the board: fear that if the people could decide directly, the old hierarchies would crumble overnight.

Because a system like this would eliminate the need for traditional politicians. It would erase the excuse of "representatives" deciding for millions. It would turn democracy into what it was always supposed to be: the direct exercise of collective will.

And that's where the Immediate System comes in.

A different way to organize society. Direct. Decentralized. Dynamic. A living, evolving network. No parties, no lobbyists, no puppets feeding off perpetual conflict. A liquid democracy that adapts in real time, as reality itself changes. A system that doesn't need middlemen because it trusts the citizens to be capable of deciding, provided they are given the tools, the information, and the dignity of true participation.

This isn't about digitalizing the old system. It's about burying it. It's about refusing to keep playing a rigged game with rules written by dead kings. It's about accepting that the world moved on—and it's time for politics to catch up.

Technology isn't salvation.

But it's a tool.

And like any tool, it can liberate—or it can enslave.

Right now, it's being used to enslave you.

The question is:

Will you let them continue using it against you?

Or will you take it into your own hands,  
and start building something new?

Because the revolution won't be with flags.

It'll be with clicks.

It'll be with consciousness.

# CHAPTER 10: DIRECT DIGITAL DEMOCRACY (DDD)

Democracy, in its purest and simplest form, means one thing: the people decide. Not every four years. Not through intermediaries. Not by handing blank checks to strangers. Real democracy means that collective will becomes real-world action—without filters, without excuses, without kings disguised as candidates. But what we call democracy today is something else entirely: a distortion. A simulation of popular power. A democracy of cardboard. A polished façade designed to preserve the control of a few, packaged as freedom and sold as progress. Modern democratic systems are just upgraded versions of old monarchies. They swapped crowns for suits, thrones for ballot boxes, but the power? Still concentrated. You vote every few years, but those elections don't change the rules of the game. They reinforce them. It's like a casino where the house always wins—you just get to choose which dealer smiles at you while they clean your pockets. Why do we still vote then? Out of habit. Out of hope. Out of fear. Because it feels like doing something. Because they taught us to think that pushing a button every four years makes us sovereign. But in practice, we legitimize a structure that no longer serves us. And to make it worse, we vote anonymously—supposedly to protect us. But let's be honest: today, that anonymity protects the system more than it protects the citizen. It disconnects us from responsibility. It severs the link between action and consequence. It turns democracy into a ritual, not a real act of power. But what if I told you we could do it differently? That we don't need politicians. Or party puppets. Or centralized structures that treat us like children. That's where DDD comes in: Democracy Digital Direct. A new model for organizing ourselves politically. Direct. Decentralized. Open. No middlemen. No puppets. No structures that feed off division. No fixed ideologies. No party lines. Just informed collective will moving through a network like blood through veins.

Here's how it works: not every vote should be open to everyone—just like not everyone can fly a plane, design a bridge, or perform heart surgery. In DDD, voting would be specialized, like a driver's license. Laws are divided into thematic categories: economy, health, education, energy, civil rights, infrastructure. For each area, there's a public exam—basic but real—proving you understand the fundamentals. If you pass, you earn the right to vote on those laws. The more you study, the more influence you gain. Knowledge equals leverage. Responsibility equals access. Democracy with a steering wheel—not just a horn.

Because giving voting power to someone who doesn't know what inflation is, is like letting a blindfolded kid drive a truck through downtown during rush hour. But not everything requires expertise. Some paths are walked simply by being human. When it comes to basic human rights—love,



identity, dignity—you don't need a license. You don't need to pass an exam to know that no one should tell a woman what she can or cannot do with her body. You don't need to memorize constitutions to understand that two people who love each other deserve to marry. You don't need to be a political scientist to know that dying with dignity should be a choice. On those issues, everyone votes. Every voice counts. Every conscience counts. This system doesn't exclude people. It empowers them. You want to vote on health laws? Study the basics. Pass the test. Unlock your power. You don't want to study? Fine—you don't vote on that topic. Freedom, yes—but with knowledge. Because real freedom isn't yelling whatever comes to mind. It's understanding what you're deciding.

And what about lobbying? Gone. Vaporized. When citizens decide directly, there are no politicians to bribe, no backrooms to infiltrate, no representatives to buy. There's nothing to lobby when laws are born in the open, debated in the open, and voted in the open. Money loses its secret pathways.

And the political careers? Also gone. No salaries for representatives. No lifelong seats. No cushioned retirements after parasitizing public trust. In DDD, citizens who participate actively receive a small symbolic compensation—enough to honor their time and effort, but not enough to create a new caste of bureaucrats.

We already have the tools. We scan our faces to pay for coffee. We track our pizza deliveries in real time. We manage millions of data points daily. But we can't build a secure public voting platform? Come on. Blockchain could secure every vote, creating a transparent, tamper-proof chain. Artificial intelligence could translate laws into human language, highlight hidden interests, flag conflicts of interest. And if you still don't get it, the AI could explain it to you like you're five years old—with cartoons, memes, puppies with animated tongues, or a sweet kindergarten teacher voice whispering softly in your ear until you finally understand.

Transparency isn't a utopia. It's a technical reality. The only thing missing is the will to implement it. Or better said: the courage to dismantle the old castles that still rule us from the shadows.

Is it perfect? Of course not. Nothing human ever is. But it's a lot closer to the spirit of democracy than the tired circus we're clapping for today. A system that adapts. That mutates. That reflects the society it serves, without priests, kings, or CEOs in disguise. A network of conscious, informed humans deciding their future together. Without parties. Without handlers. Without scripts.

So, is DDD the future? Maybe. Maybe not. But if we don't imagine it, if we don't debate it, if we don't rage and shape it, it will never even have a chance to exist. Because every real revolution—before it happens outside—happens first inside.

We don't need new leaders.

We don't need saviors.

We need courage.  
We need tools.  
And we need to stop asking permission.  
Do you have questions about DDD?  
Good. Let's find the answers together.

# CHAPTER 11: BUT, BUT, BUT

You propose a fairer system. More distributed. Open to anyone who wants to be part of it. One where corruption isn't even possible. No gala dinners, no overpriced suits. A system where people actually participate, study, vote on specific laws—and where we're not governed by lobby-paid actors selling empty promises.

And what happens?

Everyone looks at you like: "Yeah, but..."

"But people are ignorant."

Please. I'd trust a thousand ignorant people over one politician backed by lobby money. At least the ignorant ones aren't selling you out with a smile.

"But who's going to study just to vote?"

Start with the same people who read the news, follow politics, and complain that nothing ever changes. And if someone doesn't want to study—great.

They just don't vote on that topic. Simple.

"But it'd be too slow."

Slower than this? Really? Elections every four years, endless campaigns, months of transition, and laws that rot in committee limbo? This new system would have no elections, no campaigns. Just decisions. It'd be twenty times faster. Slower than this is physically impossible.

"But it could get hacked."

And the current system can't? Paper ballots in plastic boxes, counted by sleep-deprived humans, are cutting-edge? Those magic boxes that sometimes "disappear" on the way to the counting center—to tally votes for whoever will benefit from them for the next four years? Come on. A blockchain system would be a thousand times more secure. The problem was never the tech—it's who owns it.

"But the system won't allow it."

Exactly. That's why we have to stop asking for permission—and start demanding change.

I was talking to a French guy the other day—documentary filmmaker, politically engaged, hardcore anti-fascist, deeply convinced the Left is the only salvation. I walked him through this whole idea, calmly, step by step. He nodded, said it was brilliant. And then he said:

"Yeah, but in times like these, we need a strong hand."

"You've seen what Trump and Putin are doing," he said. "This is a time for order."

A strong hand? And who's supposed to deliver that? Obama, with his humanitarian drone strikes? Macron, with his republican smile and riot cops smashing yellow vests? Trudeau, freezing protestors' bank accounts while saying "merci" in forty inclusive pronouns?

No. What we need isn't more polished authoritarianism. We don't need repression with a progressive face. We need something honest.

Decentralized. Something that can't be bought with a €300 bottle of wine or a velvet-gloved threat at a private dinner.

Do you honestly think a politician is intellectually superior to you? That just because they went to Harvard or speak well on camera, they're more qualified to make decisions about your life than you are? That they want your family to be safe and happy?

Please. You know what they do when the cameras are off. Don't play dumb. They do drugs. They hire prostitutes. They hire male prostitutes too. Some consensual. Some with power. And others... with minors. Yes. Minors. And when they're not arranging that, they're signing deals with mafias, laundering money through fake NGOs, and stuffing their pockets while asking you to "tighten your belt." They tell you "there's no money"—then knock back €500 bottles of wine with the bankers who bought your country wholesale. They talk about ethics and values with a steady voice and a powdered face—while they still have half a line of coke drying in one nostril. And the next morning? Suit. Tie. Hair combed. Speech written by someone else. Clean hands. Clean lies. And your vote in their pocket. Rinse and repeat. Forever.

People complain about the system nonstop. But when you show them a real way out—they panic. It's like, deep down, they don't really want to be free. Because being free means thinking for yourself. Learning. Making decisions. And worst of all: owning the consequences.

Look—I'm not saying this system is perfect. It's not. But it's better than this, however you look at it. More just. More transparent. More participatory. And yet, people reject it almost instinctively—like you just proposed something obscene.

So you start to wonder: do people really hate politicians... or do they secretly love them? Do they resent them... or does it turn them on to have someone else take the wheel, so they can blame them when the car crashes? Is it that they don't trust "the people"... or that they don't trust themselves?

Because the truth is: we beg for change—but we're allergic to responsibility. And DDD? It gives you more power... but it also demands that you use it.

And that, my friend, not everyone's ready to handle.

And if you're still thinking, "but this will never happen"—I get it. The current system is sealed shut. And those at the top won't hand over power with a smile.

But this isn't a utopia. It's a real proposal. Not made to be perfect—made to be better. And if we ever want real change, we'll have to stop asking for permission.

And if you don't believe me... ask the French how monarchy ended.

Not with tweets. Not with protests.

With a bath of blood so brutal that even today, their national symbol carries the scars.

Or better yet—ask King Louis.  
If you can find his head.

# CHAPTER 12: THE PERFECT WORLD THEY CREATED FOR US

When we were kids, they told us a story. If you were good, Santa would bring you presents. And if you weren't... no presents. Just guilt, silence, and that heavy look of disappointment. So you tried your best. As Christmas approached, you did your homework, behaved, kept the magic alive—because what mattered most were the presents. And if you ever found out Santa wasn't real? Your first instinct was: "Okay... but the Three Wise Men are real, right?" Because your mind couldn't handle the collapse. You needed to believe in something. Even if it was just another lie.

And if you dared say it out loud in front of other kids, you became the villain—the one who ruined the magic. Even the adults would glare at you.

Because the real problem was never that it was a lie. The real problem was that you're not allowed to say the truth out loud.

Then we grew up. And now, the new Santa is called The State. The Government. Democracy.

They tell us: "If you obey, if you do the right thing, if you write your letters, fill out the forms, wait in line or book your appointment online... the system will take care of you." A grown-up fairytale. A system that promises stability in exchange for obedience. Rewards in exchange for silence.

Like Louis C.K. said: "Everything's amazing... and nobody's happy."

We were raised to expect something that never comes. To live like we matter—when we're not even needed anymore. We used to be labor. Now we're consumers. And we don't even consume enough to be profitable.

AI, algorithms, machines... they're doing the work now. We're just breathing so the stats don't look empty. Our final function is training data. Every click, every search, every selfie is a free masterclass we offer to an intelligence that will soon do everything we do—faster, better, without complaining.

We taught it our language, our habits, our needs. And now that it's learned... it doesn't need us anymore.

We're like cows that no longer give milk. Still alive. Still chewing. But no longer useful.

And the saddest part? We know. Deep down, we know. But we still whisper to ourselves: "It's fine. Everything will be okay. The government's got this. Santa's on his way." No one wants to be the one who breaks the spell. No one wants to be the one to say: "You're alone now."

Louis C.K. again: "Of course kids are sad. You lied to them. You told them life was fair."

That's what they did to us. They lied.

They told us if we did everything right, the world would work. That if we went to school, paid taxes, voted, stayed in line, were good citizens... we'd be okay.

You know what?

It's not true. It never was.

The system that promised to save you? It has no place for you anymore. And while you wait for someone to rescue you... the machine already learned how to function without you.

Santa's not coming. The Wise Men aren't coming. Bruce Wayne isn't coming to share his money. And Batman sure as hell isn't coming to save you.

Louis C.K. said it best: "Life's a piece of shit... and then you die. And there aren't even end credits." You're gonna die. And no one will clap.

Wake up. Or keep waiting for the gift that was never meant for you.

But if you made it this far—if any part of this book made you flinch, made you uncomfortable, made you ache—then maybe, just maybe... you're not as asleep as they want you to be.

And that—even if it doesn't feel like it yet—is already a beginning.

# EPILOGUE: THE PRICE OF THINKING

You made it to the end.  
Which means, at some point,  
you stopped scrolling.  
You stopped pretending.  
You stopped lying to yourself.  
And maybe—just maybe—  
you let something in.  
Good.

But here's the deal:  
Thinking has a price.  
It costs comfort.  
It costs fitting in.  
It costs the Sunday version of you who smiles, nods, and says, "everything's  
fine."

It might cost friends.  
It might cost sleep.  
It might cost the sweet, fake feeling that someone else is in charge and  
everything will be okay.

Sometimes it costs your identity.  
Sometimes your silence.  
Sometimes... your ability to look away.

But not thinking?  
That costs everything.  
It costs the planet.  
It costs your dignity.  
It costs your children's future, and your ancestors' voice.

The world you live in wasn't built by visionaries.  
It was built by obedient people in nice shoes  
who signed things they didn't read  
and nodded at things they didn't understand.

People who said:  
"It's not my problem."  
"It's just the way it is."  
"I don't want to get involved."  
"It's too complicated."  
"I just want to be happy."

Well, guess what:  
Happiness without consciousness is anesthesia.  
And anesthesia wears off.  
So if something cracked open—  
if you felt the sting,



the weight,  
the fuck-this-shit-in-your-gut kind of truth—  
don't cover it back up.  
Let it flood you.  
Let it scream.  
Let it burn through every layer of bullshit they told you was "normal."  
And then ask yourself:  
Will you pay the price?  
Because if you don't,  
someone else will.  
Like Jesus did—  
dying on a cross,  
so the rest could keep living  
like nothing ever happened.  
But you?  
You don't need to die.  
You just need to wake up.  
That's all.  
That's everything.  
Now go.  
Scream if you have to.  
Laugh while you burn the old script.  
And when the dust settles...  
start writing a new one.